



A WOMAN'S THANKFULNESS.

I AM thankful because there was one
Who thought me the dearest and fair-
est.
Who comes when his duties are done
To tell me my charms are still rarest;
I am thankful because it was he
Whom the fates when they made their
selection
Sent eagerly, gladly to me
To offer his lasting affection.

I am thankful because he is true,
Because he is worthy and cheerful;
Because the dark moments are few
When he leaves me regretting and tear-
ful.

I am thankful that he has the will
To be thoughtful and gracious and ten-
der.

I am thankful because I am still
On the right side of forty and slender.

I am thankful because I am free
From ills that keep others complaining;
I am constantly thankful that we
Can live very well without straining!
I am glad that I never have had
A child to disturb or distress me;
I am thankful because he is glad
To labor to feed and to dress me.

A BOY'S THANKFULNESS.

I'M thankful that I've got a daddy
To work for me with all his might;
He always calls me "Little Laddy,"
And says "at I'm his heart's delight;
He often sets me on his shoulder
And helps to fill the house with noise;
He's bigger than I am and older,
But mother calls us her two boys.

I'm thankful that he never worries
Because my hands ain't nice and white;
I'm thankful that he always hurries
Back home to us when it gets night;
I'm always thankful when it's Sunday,
'Cause when it's Sunday, why, you see,
He doesn't haff to work till Monday
Or do a thing but play with me.

I'm thankful that he never scolds me
Except when I've been actin' bad;
And every night almost he holds me
Tight in his arms and says he's glad;
Our blessin's, mother says, are many,
And, gee, but wouldn't it be fine
If every body that hasn't any
Could have a daddy just like mine?

A MAN'S THANKFULNESS.

I AM thankful because I am strong,
Because of the chances about me,
Because in the thick of the throng
I have brothers who never will doubt
me;

I am thankful to have as my right
The freedom true manhood inherits;
I am thankful for courage to fight
For an honest reward of my merits.

I am thankful that no one may weep
Because I am cunning or greedy,
Because if I sow I may reap
Without bringing grief to the needy;

I am thankful because I have claimed
No vice-tainted tribute from others,
That still unafraid, unashamed,
I may gaze in the eyes of my brothers.

I am thankful for those who depend
On me for their freedom from sorrow;
I am thankful at every day's end
For the hope of a splendid tomorrow;
I am glad that, though many must grieve,
There are hearts which are stirred by
compassion;

I am glad that I still may believe
That kindness is not out of fashion.

I believe that wherever guidance is
honestly and simply sought, it is cer-
tainly given. As to our discernment
of it, I believe it depends upon the
measure in which we are walking in
the light.—A. L. Newton.

Things to Be Thankful For.

The sentiment of gratitude is one
that there is small risk of finding too
much in evidence. It is not possible
to grow from childhood to manhood
or womanhood without implicit de-
pendence upon others, without in-
curring obligation and running deep-
ly into debt—first of all to the God
who made us, then to our parents who
safeguarded our helpless infancy, then
to the friends who assisted us on our
way. It is impos- sible for us to make
adequate repayment or return for all
these benefits. What has been done
for us in our creation and our sus-
tenance, in all the generous provision
of love and of sympathy that sur-
rounds us, is beyond reckoning or
valuation—it is without money and
without price. But we may at least
from time to time express our grati-
tude to the Giver of all good gifts. We
may occasionally voice our thankfulness
that we are alive and that our
plain duty lies before us, and that
there is useful work to occupy our
hearts and souls and senses. Above
all, there is the great gift of love—the
love that transfigures life and makes

IS AMERICA'S DAY

When Prayers of Thanksgiving
Arise From Hearts of Grate-
ful Nation.

EMORY J. HAYNES.

DID you ever see the sun rise out
of the ocean? For nearly four
hours the dawn of Thanksgiving
day has been feeling its way westward
across the sea before it breaks on
America. Half a league onward,
the gray light creeps over the un-
inhabitable waste of waters. The
new faint light cohorts of outriders
are scouting ahead of the monarch sun.
They are seeking the coast of Maine,
feeling for the Cape of Hatteras. For
this is to be a great day in America.

If the sun were a god, marching
over the Atlantic spaces, one would
put the words in his mouth: "You
ships on which I flash, I am not con-
tent with you alone, nor with you
lighthouses, which I now touch with
my spears of sunbars. I seek a con-
tinent of grateful human dwelling, I
gild church spires, burnish the white
walls of great cities, gleam in farm
house windows, the homes of men. It
is not a day of toil but of thankful,
joyous rest. I will march over the
vast areas of mighty states, cross riv-
ers and lakes, climb the Saharas and
beyond, before I slip again into the
Pacific ocean. For this is a day set
apart to me. Men are waiting, out
of harness, for the sunbeams. I ac-
knowledge their tokens. I make the
American flag beautiful everywhere in
my blue sky, thousands of flags dip-
ping to give thanks. I do hear the ring-
ing of bells, the shouts of play, the
laughter of kinsmen greeting kinsmen,
and the voice of a nation's prayer."

But the sun is no god. A day is
merely a stretch of hours. There is a
Maker of the sun who trains it to be
but the servant of his children. There
is an All-Seeing Eye which views us
our grateful offices. Let us try to
think of it that way. Then the day
has a meaning.

Thinking of it all in that way, what
a sublime day it is. A whole youth-
ful nation with uplift hands and merry
hearts. This nation has been, at
times, in tears. Today it bursts into
laughter and the sounds of thankfulness—the fragrance of a feast fills
the air. It is a very festival of char-
ity, when none is proud or selfish,
when the poor are not forgotten.

Have you ever watched the clouds
awaking by mists rising by the
advancing sun? What a spectacle it
would be if, from a star, one could
witness this uprising of sun-touched
vapor from valley to plain across a
continent. So does the nation's praise
arise with incense of thanksgiving.
Remember that, by this figure, we are
seeking to make our answering adora-
tion visible to our minds.

And there is no beauty in a sunset
except if there be clouds to take on
the gilding. So may the evening be,
of this glad day, for "The Lord God is
our sun and shield." When the day
is done may heaven's blessings, yet
to be sent us, be more than the even-
ing stars for multitude. Stars on
stars, the light from many a star is so
distant that it has never yet reached
us. But it is on the way.

Travels of the Turkey.

The first turkey eaten in France
was served at the wedding banquet of
Charles IX. The Mexican birds were
taken to Europe and then brought
again to America as domestic birds.
The journals of many of the explorers,
among them Capt. John Smith, record
the attractive qualities of the wild tur-
key. They were plentiful from Cana-
da south to the seacoast. One Eng-
lish traveler wrote of the "great store
of the wild kind of turkeys, which re-
main about the house as tame as ours
in England."

it worth while to keep on trying to
puzzle out the riddle of existence—the
love that fills the universe and, ac-
cording to Dante, "moves the sun
and the other stars."—Philadelphia Ledger.

AFTER THANKSGIVING DINNER

IN TWO PARTS.

THE FIRST
THANKSGIVING

By T. C. Harbaugh

Long ago the Pilgrim Fathers
In the forests cold and gray,
With the tempests roaring
'round them,
Kept the first Thanksgiving
Day;
Near their homes the war-
whoop sounded,
But they heeded not the cry,
As they knelt with prayer and
anthem
'Neath the dark and stormy
sky.

Fleeing far from foul oppres-
sion,
Unto Freedom's land they
came,
Where they raised their holy
altars
Burning with a sacred flame;
And they taught their gentle
children,
'Mid the dashing of the spray,
To loving keep and beautiful,
Every year, Thanksgiving
Day.

In the dim aisles of the forest,
Where the oaks their
branches spread,
The wild deer and the panther
Heard the words the Pil-
grims said;
And the hymns that floated
skyward
Echoed sweetly far away,
Till the dusk descending
softly,
Crowned the first Thanks-
giving Day.

They were stern, those grand
old Pilgrims,
Men who harked to Free-
dom's call,
And amid the snows of
Plymouth
Kept the Day beloved by all;
In the bleak New England
woodlands,
Lit by Autumn's fleeting ray,
To Columbia's chosen children
There they gave Thanksgiving
Day.

We hold it sweet and holy still
From where the pine trees
grow
To where the golden orange
swings
In lands devoid of snow;
From the rocks of proud
Atlantic,
Where the tempest flings
its spray,
To the sun-kissed, mild Pacific
Millions keep Thanksgiving
Day.

Blessings on the Pilgrim
Fathers!
They who sought a home afar,
And builded them an altar
In the beams of Freedom's
star;
Let their memories be sacred,
Though their graves are far
away,
For the legacy they left us
Is our first Thanksgiving Day.
(Copyright.)

Precious Suffering.

That for which we suffer grows
precious by what it costs. Our friends
would not be so dear to us if love
had not its price of toil, of watchful-
ness and tears, and we may well be-
lieve that he who redeemed us at such
incalculable cost, loves us the more
because of his sacrifice.

WHO SAID TURKEY?



A Thanksgiving (Re)Treat.



JIMMY IS THANKFUL—

That mother hasn't a broken arm,
and can stuff the goose.
That the judge let father go on sus-
pended sentence.
That I'm not dead on a battlefield.
That I haven't got five brothers to
share the Thanksgiving dinner with.

OFFER UP THANKS

People of Switzerland Devout in
Their Gratitude for Har-
vest Blessings.

EDNA P. HALLORAN.

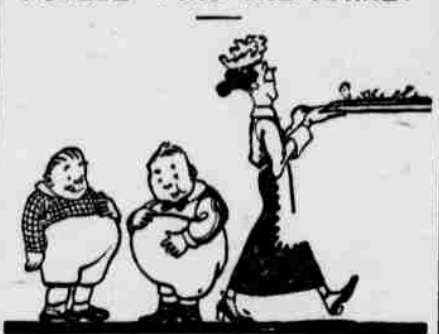
THANKSGIVING in Switzerland is a
movable feast, coming at the end
of the harvest season, and usually
falling on a Sunday in the middle of
October. The country is at the height
of its beauty in this month, the
chrysanthemums are in full bloom in
every garden, the terraced vineyards
are showing autumn colors, and there
is a golden haze over the rugged moun-
tains. A feeling of peace and plenty
prevails; the harvest is garnered, the
wine is made, and the people of this
thrifty little country are grateful for
the earth's bounties.

It may not be entirely according to
our ideas of artistic decorating to
have the interior of the churches on
Thanksgiving Sunday resemble a mar-
ket place, but nevertheless the right
spirit is at bottom. In place of flow-
ers, strings of apples are festooned
from arch to arch, clusters of grapes
adorn available corners, the altar and
pulpit are banked with every kind of
vegetable, carrots, turnips and even
cabbages being used. Song prayers
are offered in gratitude and thankgiving
for the good harvest and a lengthy
sermon is delivered appropriate to the
occasion. The sun outside is warm
and the air inside is heavy, laden with
a strong odor of the Marche. At the
end of the last hymn one hastens glad-
ly into the open.

The Sabbath stillness of the after-
noon is broken by the blare of a brass
band. A long procession winds its way
about the narrow streets, followed by
a crowd of men, women and children,
for the Swiss people have the love of
a small boy for a parade, and they in-
dulge themselves in their fancy on
every possible occasion. On this day
the procession goes from church to
church, stopping in front of each one,
while the band plays a few selections.
The crowd is not particularly atten-
tive, but it makes up for that lack in
good humor. Small groups stand about
the church square, talking and laugh-
ing, until the last number is finished,
and then take up their position in the
rear of the cortege and follow it on
to the next church.

Thus the day wears on, in gratitude
for the bounties of nature. A strange
Thanksgiving and a simple one com-
pared to our historic holiday and our
elaborate manner of celebrating it, but
beneath the surface runs the same
undercurrent of sincere gratitude.

PUZZLE—FIND THE TURKEY



English Harvest Homes.
If the Plymouth festival has im-
mediate kinship with similar events in
the past, it has analogies with the Har-
vest Home of England, which may re-
late them. The Pilgrims were fami-
liar with the English celebration, and
many of them, no doubt, had partici-
pated in it. The dominant mark of
each was the joy over the ingathering
harvest. In some districts in England,
too, the festival had continued a week.
Richard Carew, in his "Survey of Corn-
wall," in speaking of the English fes-
tival, says: "Neither doth good cheers
wholly expire (though it somewhat de-
creases), but with the end of the
week."

That we won't have to move until
the day after.
That we won't have to pay any of
the war tax.
That we live on the sixth floor, and
no tramp will climb all those stairs to
ask for goose.
That I found a pair of skates in a
boy's back yard last summer.
That I traded off our cat last July
for a sled.
That I'm not lost in the woods, with
the wolves howling around.
That father dropped ten cents on
the floor and I found it.
That it's a big goose, and that I can
just stuff myself.

Cadences of Song.

As the custom is among certain
Swiss herdsmen on the Alpine slopes,
as the sun goes down for each to call
to the one above him, through his
horn, "Praise ye the Lord," so across
this land, through its valleys and over
its plains and up its mountainsides—
everywhere ought to ring the note of
praise to the declining sun of another
year, and to the ever-rising sun of na-
tional greatness and destiny.



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not
save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure
and far superior to sour milk and soda.

FEW CHURCHES DIE THAT WAY

Colored Preacher Unlikely to Be
Called Upon to Fulfill Vow That
He Had Made.

The following story comes to us
from old Virginia:

A devout colored preacher, whose
heart was aglow with missionary zeal,
gave notice to his congregation that
in the evening an offertory would be
taken for missions and asked for lib-
eral gifts. A selfish, well-to-do man
in the congregation said to him be-
fore the service: "Yes gwine to kill
dis church ef yer goes on sayin' 'give!'
No church can stan' it. Yer gwine
ter kill it."

After the sermon the colored minis-
ter said to the people: "Brother
Jones told me I was gwine to kill
this church if I kep' a-askin' fer to
give; but, my brethren, churches
doesn't die dat way. Ef anybody
knows of a church that died 'cause it's
been givin' too much to de Lord, I'll
be very much obliged of my brother
will tell me what church is, for I'se
gwine to visit it, and I'll climb on de
walls of dat church, under de light
of de moon and cry: 'Blessed am de
dead dat die in de Lord.'"—Cleveland
Intelligencer.

A Beneficiary.

"Say, you are wasting your time
talking to Twiddle about the horrors
of war."

"I don't see why? He seems to be a
humane man."

"Of course he is, under ordinary cir-
cumstances, but Twiddle is just now
building a fine country home with the
money he made speculating in war
stocks."

The Profits.

"Do you think it is profitable for a
man to be a chauffeur?"

"Well, it is a business in which he
can certainly manage to raise the
dust."

Many a man's worth is not discov-
ered until his will is read.